

Coleridge's Attitude Toward  
Various Subjects as Shown in  
His "Biographia Epistolaris"

by Effie Louise Steven

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Submitted to the Department of English of the  
University of Kansas in partial fulfillment of the  
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## PREFACE

The material for this thesis was obtained from Coleridge's "Biographia Epistolaris". The letters in the "Biographia Epistolaris" were for the first time published in 1911. From these letters I have attempted to indicate, by direct quotation, the attitude that Coleridge takes toward the following subjects: "His Family", "Himself", "Nature", "The Watchman", "The Friend", "Thomas Poole", "Sir Walter Scott", "Sir Humphry Davy", "William Wordsworth", "Robert Southey", and "Charles Lamb". At the end of each section I have summarised briefly Coleridge's attitude toward the topic discussed.



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## ATTITUDE TOWARD HIS FAMILY

Letter 2. To Poole. March 1797. In learning, goodheartedness, absentness of mind, and excessive ignorance of the world, ~~my father~~ ~~he~~ was a perfect Parson Adams. My Mother was an admirable economist, and managed exclusively. My eldest brother's name was John. He was a Captain in the East India Company's service; a successful officer and a brave one, as I have heard. Edward, the wit of the family, is a man of reflective mind and elegant talent. He possesses learning in a greater degree than any of the family, except myself. He is worth us all. All my brothers are remarkably handsome.

3. To Poole. Oct. 9, 1797. Between 1778 and 1779 I had a dangerous putrid fever. My poor brother, Francis, I remember, stole up in spite of orders to the contrary, and sat by my bedside, and read Pope's Homer to me.

4. To Poole. 1779 - 1781. I had asked my Mother one evening to cut my cheese entire, so that I might toast it. This was no easy matter, but, however, my Mother did it. I went into the garden, and in the mean time my brother Frank minced my cheese to "disappoint the favorite". In an agony of passion I flew at Frank. He pretended to be seriously hurt and I hung over him mourning, and in a great fright; he leaped up, and with a horse-laugh gave me a severe blow on the face. I siezed a knife and was running at him, when my Mother came in and took me by the arm.

I feared a flogging, and ran out to a little hill. Here I stayed all night. My parents hunted the town for me all night. Finally I was found in the morning. My Mother was outrageous with joy. I shall never forget my father's face as he looked upon me - so calm, and the tears stealing down his face; for I was the child of his old age.

5. To Poole. When I was first plucked up and transplanted from my birth-place and family, at the death of my dear Father, whose revered image has ever survived in my mind to make me know what the emotions and affections of a son are, and how ill a father's place is likely to be supplied by any other relation, Providence gave me the first intimation that it was my lot, and that it was best for me, to make or find my way of life a detached individual.

27. To Poole. April 1, 1796. I suppose you have heard that I am married. I was married on the 4th of October, 1795.

29. To Poole. Apl. 11, 1796. Mrs. Coleridge is remarkably well, and sends her kind love.

37. To Poole. August 1796. "On Tuesday Mrs. Coleridge, Miss Willett, and I went in Mrs. Evans's carriage to Matlock, where we stayed till Saturday." ---- His Mother was still alive, and he says: "I shall write to my Mother and Brothers to-morrow. If Sara will let me, I shall see you for a few days in the course of a month."

39. To Poole. Sept. 24, 1796. On Tuesday morning I was

surprised by a letter from Mr. Maurice, our medical attendant, informing me that Mrs. C. was delivered on Monday, 19th September, 1796, half-past two in the morning, of a son, and that both she and the child were uncommonly well. I was quite annihilated with the suddenness of the information, and retired to my room to address myself to my Maker, but I could only offer up to Him the silence of stupified feelings. I hastened home, and Charles Lloyd returned with me. When I first saw the child, I did not feel that thrill and overflowing of affection I expected. I looked on it with a melancholy gaze; my mind was intensely contemplative, and my heart only sad. But when two hours after, I saw it at the bosom of its mother - on her arm - and her eye tearful and watching its little features - then I was thrilled and melted, and gave it the kiss of a Father. The baby seems strong, and the old nurse has over-persuaded my wife to discover a likeness to me in its face, - no great compliment to me; for in truth I have seen handsomer babies in my life time. Its name is David Hartley Coleridge.

42. To Poole. Nov. 1, 1796. David Hartley Coleridge is stout, healthy, and handsome. He is the very miniature of me.

44. To Charles Lloyd. I am anxious that my children should be bred up from earliest infancy in the simplicity of peasants, their food, dress, and habits completely rustic. I never shall, and I never will, have any fortune

to leave them; I will leave them therefore hearts that desire little, heads that know how little is to be desired, and hands and arms accustomed to earn that little.

49. Jan. 3, 1797. We arrived safe. Our house is set to rights. Mrs. Coleridge likes Stowey, and loves Thomas Poole and his mother, who love her. A communication has been made from our own orchard into T. Pool's garden, and from thence to Cruikshank's, a friend of mine, and a young married man, whose wife is very amiable, and she and Sara are already on the most cordial terms; from all this you will conclude that we are happy.

56. To Cottle. May 1797. David Hartley is well and grows. Sara is well, and desires a sister's love to you.

65. To Cottle. Sept. 1797. Hartley sends a grin to you? He has another tooth!

67. To Cottle. London, Sept. 10-15, 1797. If Mrs. Coleridge be in Bristol, pray desire her to write to me immediately, and I beg you, the moment you receive this letter, to send to No. 17, Newfoundland Street, to know whether she be there. I have written to Stowy, but if she be in Bristol, beg her to write to me of it by return of post, that I may immediately send down some cash for her travelling expenses, etc. We shall reside in London for the next four months.

77. To Wade. Mch. 21, 1798. Well, - but I cannot attend the chemical lectures. I have many reasons, but the great-

est, or at least the most ostensible reason, is, that I cannot leave Mrs. C. at that time; our house is an uncomfortable one; our surgeon may be, for aught I know, a lineal descendent of Esculapius himself, but if so, in the repeated transfusion of like from father to son, through so many generations, the wit and knowledge, being subtle spirits, have evaporated.

91. To Godwin. May 21, 1800. Hartley sends his love to Mary. "What, and not to Fanny?" "Yes, and to Fanny, but I'll have Mary". He often talks about them. Sara desires to be remembered kindly to you, and sends a kiss to Fanny, and "dear meek little Mary".

94. To Davy. July 25, 1800. Sara desires her kind remembrances. Hartley is a spirit that dances on an aspen leaf; the air that yonder sallow-faced and yawning tourist is breathing, is to my babe a perpetual nitrous oxide. Never was more joyous creature born. Pain with him is so wholly transubstantiated by the joys that had rolled on before, and rushed on after, that oftentimes five minutes after his mother has whipt him, he has gone up and asked her to whip him again.

95. To Godwin. Sept. 22, 1800. I look at my doted-on Hartley - he moves, he lives, he finds impulses from within and from without, he is the darling of the sun and of the breeze. Nature seems to bless him as a thing of her own. He looks at the clouds, at the mountains, the liv-



ing beings of the earth, and vaults and jubilates! Solemn looks and solemn words have been hitherto connected in his mind with great and magnificent objects only: with lightning, with thunder, with the waterfall blazing in the sunset. Then I say, shall I suffer him to see grave countenances and hear grave accents, while his face is sprinkled? Shall I be grave myself, and tell a lie to him? Or shall I laugh, and teach him to insult the feelings of his fellow men? Besides, are we not all in this present hour, fainting beneath the duty of severe analysis, in which I shall tell all I believe to be truth in the nakedest language in which it can be told.

96. To Davy. Oct. 9, 1800. My wife and children are well; the baby was dying some weeks ago, so the good people would have it baptised; his name is Derwent Coleridge, so called from the river, for fronting our house the Greta runs into Derwent. Had it been a girl, the name should have been Greta, or rather Grieta.

99. To Josiah Wedgwood. Nov. 1, 1800. My little one is a very stout boy indeed. He is christened by the name of "Derwent", - a sort of sneaking affection you see for the poetical and novellish, which I disguised to myself under the show, that my brothers had so many children Johns, Jameses, Georges, etc. etc., that a handsome Christian-like name was not to be had except by encroachment on the names of my little nephews.

100. To Josiah Wedgwood. Nov. 12, 1800. Both I and Mrs. C. have carefully watched our little one, and noticed down all the circumstances, under which he smiled, and under which he laughed, for the first six times, nor have we remitted our attention; but I have not been able to derive the least confirmation of Hartley's or Darwin's Theory.

102. To Davy. Dec. 2, 1800. My darling Hartley has been taken with a stomach illness, which has ended in the yellow jaundice; and this greatly alarms me. ---- Hartley was in my arms the other evening, looking at the sky; he saw the moon glide into a large cloud. Shortly after, at another part of the cloud, several stars sailed in. Says he, "Pretty creatures! they are going in to see after their mother moon."

112. To Thomas Wedgwood. Nov. 3, 1802. It is now two hours since I received your letter; and after the necessary consultation, Mrs. Coleridge herself is fully of opinion that to loose time is merely to loose spirits. Accordingly I have resolved not to look the children in the face, (the parting from whom is the downright bitter in the thing) but to go to London by to-morrow's mail.

114. To Thomas Wedgwood. Jan. 14, 1803. I have no fears and am ready to leave home at a two days warning. For myself I should say two hours, but bustle and hurry might disorder Mrs. Coleridge. She and the three children are quite well.

119. To Godwin. Keswick, June 4, 1803. At one time every individual - master, mistress, children, and servants - were all laid up in bed, and we were waited on by persons hired from the town for the week. But now all are well, I only excepted.

180. To Allsop. Apl. 8, 1820. I have been interrupted by the arrival of my sons, Hartly and Derwent, the latter of whom I had not seen for so dreary a time. I promise myself great pleasure in introducing him to you. Hartley you have already met.

179. To Allsop. Highgate, Apl. 10, 1820. You will be delighted with the affectionate attachment of the two brothers to each other, the boyish high spirits with manly independence and intellect, and, in one word, with the simplicity which is their nature, and the common ground on which the differences of their mind and characters (for no two can be more distinct) shoot and play. When I say that nothing can exceed their fondness for their father, I need not add that they are impatient to be introduced to you.

---- Would to Heaven their dear sister were with us, the cup of paternal joy would be full to the brim!

183. To Allsop. Highgate, Oct. 11, 1820. I have just heard from Derwent, who is well; but I have not had time to decipher his villainous scrawl.

205. To Allsop. Oct. 8, 1822. In the course of my past life I count four griping and grasping sorrows, each of

which seem to have my very heart in its hands, compressing or wringing. The first, when the Vision of a Happy Home sunk for ever, and it became impossible for me any longer even to hope for domestic happiness under the name of Husband, when I was doomed to know

That names but seldom meet with Love,  
And Love wants courage without a name!

Coleridge evidently married out of love but undoubtedly his union, however happy it may have been at the outset, was broken on account of his opium habit. Even though Mrs. Coleridge was in no way Coleridge's intellectual equal, this was not the cause of the breach. In none of his letters does Coleridge ever mention the intellectual inferiority of his wife. It is a pity that his wife was not his equal in that respect, as these letters indicate that he cared for educated women and spent many hours with both Dorothy Wordsworth and Mrs. Gillman talking over his writing and the literature of the day.

Coleridge was very fond of his three children - Hartley, Derwent, and Sara - and was exceptionally proud of the promise displayed by his eldest son, Hartley, and his youngest child and only daughter, Sara. Coleridge was always kind and patient with his family. He never speaks of them except with courtesy and respect. After his estrangement with his wife he never spoke bitterly

against her or mentioned the cause of the separation.

His opium habit made him ashamed to live with his faithful wife and trusting children.

In the latter part of his life Coleridge lived within a few miles of Mrs. Coleridge, but it is not known that he ever saw her. He saw his children frequently and they often came to visit him. Nothing pleased him more than to take his children to call upon his literary friends.

## ATTITUDE TOWARD HIMSELF

- letter 1. To Poole. Feb. 1797. As to my Life, it has all the charms of variety, - high life and low life, vices and virtues, great folly and some wisdom.
2. To Poole. Mch. 1797. The first three years of my life had nothing in them that seemed to assist in forming my particular mind.
3. To Poole. Oct. 9, 1797. My Father was very fond of me, and I was my Mother's darling: in consequence whereof I was very miserable. --- I became fretful, and timorous, and a tell-tale; and the boys drove me from play, and were always tormenting me. And hence I took no pleasure in boyish sports, but read incessantly. ---- I became a dreamer, and acquired an indisposition to bodily activity; and I was fretful, and inordinately passionate; and as I could not play at anything, and was slothful, I was despised and hated by the boys; and because I could read and spell, I had, I may truly say, a memory and understanding forced into almost unnatural ripeness, I was flattered and wondered at by all the old women. And so I became very vain, and despised most of the boys that were at all near my own age, and before I was eight years old I was a "character". --- I had all the simplicity, all the docility of the little child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child, never had the language of a child.



5. To Poole. In 1782 I went to visit my Mother's brother, Mr. Bowdon. My Uncle was very proud of me, and used to carry me from coffee-house to coffee-house, and tavern to tavern, where I drank, and talked, and disputed as if I had been a man.

19. To Wade. Jan. 1796. At Birmingham I was extremely unwell; a violent cold in my head and limbs confined me for two days.

22. Lichfield, Jan. 1796. I verily believe no poor fellow's idea-pot ever bubbled up so vehemently with fears, doubts, and difficulties, as mine does at present. Heaven grant it may not boil over, and put out the fire! I am almost heartless. My past life seems to me like a dream, a feverish dream - all one gloomy huddle of strange actions and dim-discovered motives; - friendships lost by indolence, and happiness murdered by mismanaged sensibility. The present hour I seem in a quick-set hedge of embarrassments. For shame! I ought not to mistrust God; but, indeed, to hope is far more difficult than to fear. Bulls have horns, lions have talons.

25. Feb. 22, 1796. I am forced to write for bread - write the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife! Groans, and complaints, and sickness! The present hour I am in a quick-set hedge of embarrassments, and, whichever way I turn, a thorn runs into me. The future is cloud and thick darkness. Poverty,

perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up to me! Nor is this all. My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection that I must make haste.

43. To Poole. Nov. 5, 1796. On Wednesday night I was siezed with an intolerable pain from my right temple to the tip of my right shoulder, including my right eye, cheek, jaw, and that side of the throat. I was nearly frantic, and ran about the house almost naked, endeavoring by every means to excite sensation in different parts of my body, and so to weaken the enemy by creating division. --- I took between 60 and 70 drops of laudanum, and sopped the Cerberus just as his mouth began to open. --- I have a blister under my right ear, and take 25 drops of laudanum every five hours.

56. To Cottle. Stowey, May 1797. On the Saturday, the Sunday, and the ten days after my arrival at Stowey, I felt a depression too dreadful to be described. Wordsworth's conversation aroused me somewhat, but even now I am not the man I have been, and I think I never shall. A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart. Indeed every mode of life which has promised me bread and cheese, has been, one after another, torn away from me, but God remains.

76. To Cottle. March 8, 1798. I have been confined to my bed for several days, through the fever occasioned by the

stump of a tooth, which baffled chirurgical efforts to eject, and which, by affecting my eye, affected my stomach, and through that my whole frame. I am better, but still weak, in consequences of such long sleeplessness and wearying pains; weak, very weak.

85. To Josiah Wedgwood. May 21, 1799. What have I done in Germany? I have learned the language, both high and low German, I can read both, and speak the former so fluently, that it must be a fortune for a German to be in my company, that is, I have words enough and phrases enough, and I arrange them tolerably; but my pronunciation is hideous.

88. To Thomas Wedgwood. Jan. 1800. Thank God, I have my health perfectly and I am working hard; yet the present state of human affairs presses on me for days together, so as to deprive me of all my cheerfulness.

89. To Josiah Wedgwood. Feb. 1800. I work from morning to night, but in a few weeks I shall have completed my purpose, and then adieu to London forever. We newspaper scribes are true galley-slaves.

90. To Poole. March 1800. If I had the least love of money I could make almost sure of 2,000 pounds a year, for Stuart has offered me half shares in the two papers, the "Morning Post" and "Courier", if I would devote myself with him to them. But I told him that I would not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds - in short that beyond 250 pounds

a year I consider money as a real evil.

93. To Josiah Wedgwood. July 24, 1800. I have been more unwell than I have ever been since I left school. For many days I was forced to keep my bed, and when released from that incarceration, I suffered most grievously from a brace of swoolen eyelids, and a head into which, on the least aggitation, the blood was felt as rushing in and flowing back again, like the raking of the tide on a coast of loose stones. However, thank God, I am now coming about again. ---- I parted from Poole with pain and dejection, for him, and for myself in him. I should have given Stowey a decided preference for a residence. It was likewise so conveniently situated, that I was in the way of almost all whom I love and esteem. But there was no suitable house, and no prospect of a suitable house. ---- This is the first day of my arrival at Keswick. My house is roomy, situated on an eminence, a furlong from the town; before it an enormous garden, more than two-thirds of which is rented as a garden for sale articles; but the walks are ours.

100. To Josiah Wedgwood. Nov. 12, 1800. My eyes are in such a state of inflammation that I might as well write blindfold, they are so blood-red. I have had leeches twice, and have now a blister behind my right ear. How I caught the cold, in the first instance, I can scarcely guess; but I improved it to its present glorious state, by taking long walks all the mornings, spite of the wind, and writing late

at night, while my eyes were weak.

102. To Davy. Dec. 2, 1800. For the last month I have been trembling on through sands and swamps of evil and bodily grievance. My eyes have been enflamed to a degree that rendered reading and writing scarcely possible; and strange as it seems, the act of metre composition, as I lay in bed, preceptibly affected them, and my voluntary ideas were every minute passing, more or less transformed into vivid spectra. I had leeches repeatedly applied to my temples, and a blister behind my ear - and my eyes are now my own, but in the place where the blister was, six small excruciating boils have appeared, and harass me almost beyond endurance.

105. To Godwin. March 25, 1801. I have been during the last three months undergoing a process of intellectual exsiccation. During my long illness I had compelled into hours of delight many a sleepless painful hour of darkness by chasing down metaphysical game, and since then I have continued the hunt, till I found myself, unaware, at the root of pure mathematics, and up a tall smooth tree, whose few poor branches are all at the very summit. ---- The Poet is dead in me; my imagination (or rather the Somewhat that had been imaginative) lies like a cold snuff on the circular rim of a brass candle-stick, without even a stink of tallow to remind you that it was once clothed and mitred with flame.

107. To Davy. May 4, 1801. It would seem affectation to write to you and say nothing of my health; but in truth I am weary of giving useless pain. Yesterday I should have been incapable of writing you this scrawl, and tomorrow I may be as bad. "Sinking, sinking, sinking! I feel that I am sinking." My medical attendant says that it is irregular gout, with nephritic symptoms. Gout, in a young man of twenty-nine!! Swollen knees, and knotty fingers, a loathing stomach, and a dizzy head. Trust me, friend, I am at times an object of moral disgust to my own mind!

108. To Davy. May 20, 1801. My health is better. I am indeed eager to believe that I am really beginning to recover, though I have had so many short recoveries followed by severe relapses, that I am at times almost afraid to hope.

109. To Godwin. My ill health commenced at Liverpool, in the shape of blood-shot eyes and swollen eyelids, while I was in the daily habit of visiting the Liverpool literati - these, on my settling at Keswick, were followed by large boils on my neck and shoulders; these, by a violent rheumatic fever; this, by a distressing and tedious hydrocele; and, since then, by irregular gout, which promises at this moment to ripen into a legitimate fit.

111. To Thomas Wedgwood. Oct. 20, 1802. This is my birthday, my thirtieth. ---- At present I must be content



to tell you something cheerful. My health is very much better. I am stronger in every respect, and am not injured by study, or the act of sitting at my writing desk; but my eyes suffer if at any time I have been intemperate in the use of candle-light.

113. To Thomas Wedgwood. Jan. 9, 1803. Yesterday I continued unusually unwell all over me until eight o'clock in the evening. I took no laudanum or opium, but at eight o'clock, unable to bear the stomach uneasiness and achings of my limbs, I took two large tea-spoons full of Ether in a wine-glass of camphorated gum-water, and a third tea-spoon full at ten o'clock, and I received complete relief.

114. To Thomas Wedgwood. Jan. 14, 1803. It is a sort of duty with me, to be particular respecting facts that relate to my health. I have retained a good sound appetite through the whole of it, without any craving after exhilarants or narcotics, and I have got well as in a moment.

Rapid recovery is constitutional with me.

116. To Thomas Wedgwood. Feb. 10, 1803. With regard to myself and my accompanying you, let me say this much. My health is not worse than it was in the North; indeed it much better. I have no fears. But if you fear that, my health being what you know it to be, the inconveniences of my being with you will be greater than the advantages; (I feel no reluctance in telling you so) it is so entirely an

affair of spirits and feeling that the conclusion must be made by you, not in your reason, but purely in your spirit and feeling.

117. To Thomas Wedgwood. Feb. 17, 1803. I remain in comfortable health, - warm rooms, an old friend, and tranquillity, are specifics for my complaints. With all my ups and downs I have had a deal of joyous feeling, and I would with gladness give a good part of it to you, my dear friend.

119. To Godwin. Keswick, June 4, 1803. I arrived at Keswick on Good Friday, caught the influenza, have struggled on in a series of convalescence and relapse, the disease still assuming new shapes and symptoms; and, though I am certainly better than at any former period of the disease, and more steadily convalescent, yet it is not mere "low spirits" that makes me doubt whether I shall wholly surmount the effects of it.

122. To Thomas Wedgwood. Keswick, Sept. 16, 1803. For five months past my mind has been strangely shut up. I have taken the paper with the intention to write to you many times, but it has been one blank feeling; - one blank idealess feeling. ----- Three nights out of four, I fall asleep, struggling to lie awake, and my frequent night-screams have almost made me a nuisance in my own house. Dreams with me are no shadows, but the very calamities of my life.

124. To Thomas Wedgwood. Westminster, Jan. 1804. The whole truth of the matter is, that I have been very, very ill. Your letter remained four days unread, I was so ill.

126. To Davy. Holborn, March 6, 1804. It must be difficult for most men to conceive the extreme reluctance with which I go at all into "company", and the unceasing depression with which I am struggling up against during the whole time I am in it, which too often makes me drink more "during dinner" than I ought to do, and as often forces me into efforts of almost obtrusive conversation, "acting" the opposite of my real state of mind in order to arrive at a medium, as we roll paper the opposite way in order to smoothe it.

128. To Thomas Wedgewood. Mch. 24, 1804. I have been dangerously ill, but the illness is going about, and not connected with my immediate ill health, however it may be with my general constitution. It was the cholera-morbus.

131. To Cottle. 1807. On my return to Bristol, whenever that may be, I will certainly give you the right hand of fellowship; but, alas! you will find me the wretched wreck of what you knew me, rolling, rudderless. My health is extremely bad.

136. To Cottle. Oct, 7, 1807. Independent of letter-writing, and a dinner engagement with C. Danvers, I was the whole of yesterday till evening, in a most wretched restlessness of body and limbs, having imprudently discontinued some medicines, which are now my anchor of hope.

137. To Davy. Sept. 11, 1807. I have, however received such manifest benefit from horse exercise, and gradual abandonment of fermented and total abstinence from spiritous liquors, and by being alone with Poole, and the renewal of old times, by wandering about among my dear old walks of Quantock and Alfoxden, that I have seriously set about composition, with a view to ascertain whether I can conscientiously undertake what I so very much wish, a series of Lectures at the Royal Institution.

140. To Davy. Dec. 1808. My health and spirits are improved beyond my boldest hopes. A very painful effort of moral courage has been remunerated by tranquillity - by ease from the sting of self-disapprobation. I have done more for the last ten weeks than I had done for three years before.

141. To Davy. Dec. 14, 1808. My health and spirits are far better than I had dared hope, only from neglect of exercise I remain more corpulent than I ought, though I drink nothing but table-beer, and eat very moderately.

153. To Wade. Dec. 8, 1813. Since my arrival at the Greyhound, Bath, I have been confined to my bed-room, almost to my bed. Pray for my recovery, and request Mr. Robert's prayers, for my infirm, wicked heart; that Christ may mediate to the Father, to lead to me to Christ, and give me a "living" instead of a "reasoning" faith! and for my health, so far only as it may be the condition of my improvement,

and final redemption.

158. To Cottle. Apr. 26, 1814. Had I but a few hundred pounds, but 200 pounds - half to send to Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private mad house, where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time, life or death would be determined), then there might be hope. Now there is none!! O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties.

163. To Wade. Bristol, June 26, 1814. After my death, I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example.

166. To James Gillman. Apr. 13, 1816. No sixty hours have yet passed without my having taken laudanum, though for the last week comparatively small doses. ---- The stimulus of conversation suspends the terror that haunts my mind; but when I am alone, the horrors I have suffered from laudanum, the degradation, the blighted utility, almost overwhelm me.

181. To Allsop. July 31, 1820. Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may not pass such another night as the last.

While I am awake and retain my reasoning powers, the pang is gnawing, but I am, except for a fitful moment or two, tranquil; it is the howling wilderness of sleep that I dread.

186. To Allsop. Nov. 27, 1820. I have been more than usually unwell, with great depression of spirits, loss of appetite, frequent sickness, and a harrassing pain in my left knee.

200. To Allsop. March 4, 1822. I have been much more than ordinarily unwell for more than a week past - my sleeps worse than my vigils, my nights than my days; but last night I had not only a calmer night, without roaming in my dreams through any of Swedenberg's Hells modere; but arose this morning lighter and with a sense of relief.

219. To Adam Kennard. July 13, 1834. But I have been likewise, through a large portion of my later life, a sufferer, sorely affected with bodily pains, languor, and manifold infirmities, and for the last three or four years have, with few and brief intrevalls, been confined to a sick room, and at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sick bed, hopeless of recovery, yet without prospect of speedy removal.

Coleridge's attitude toward himself is for the most part very gloomy. His poor health discouraged him greatly and he had terrible fits of melancholy when he felt

pain coming on. During the intervals that his health was good, he was cheerful and optimistic, and realized how unpleasant he made himself to others when he was ill. Although he complained and talked a great deal about his health, yet there is a note of pathos through all his complaint. It is pitiable that a man with such great intellectual power should be grappled and held down by physical pain.

Coleridge affirms that he began to take opium as a medicine. He says that he was a victim of pain and terror, and at no time had he taken the poison as a stimulus or for any craving after pleasurable sensation. I was only through long use as a medicine that he finally became a victim to the drug.

In the later period of Coleridge's life he seemed to have a shameful secretiveness which grows upon all men who become the slave of drugs. In 1814 he was taking from two quarts of laudanum a week to a pint a day. He finally realized his only hope lay in giving himself up to the control of others. It was because of this conclusion that he went to live with Mr. Gillman of Highgate. The last years of his life which were spent with Mr. Gillman seem to be much happier than his earlier years. He both wrote and talked more cheerfully.

Coleridge was very weak and displayed no manliness in accepting sums of money from other people. His willing-



ness to accept money is manifested plainly through his whole life.

## ATTITUDE TOWARD NATURE

Letter 8. To Henry Martin. July 22, 1794. The walk from

Llangunnog to Bala over the mountains was most wild and romantic; there are immense and rugged cliffs in the mountains, which in winter must form cataracts most tremendous; now there is just enough sun-glittering water dashed down over them to soothe, not disturb the ear. ---- Three miles from Denbigh, on the road to St, Asaph, is a fine bridge with one arch of great, great grandeur. Stand at a little distance, and through it you see the woods waving on the hill-bank of the river in a most lovely point of view.

14. To Poole. Oct. 7, 1795. We are settled, nay, quite domesticated, at Clevedon, - our comfortable cot! The prospect around is perhaps more various than any in the kingdom: mine eye gluttonizes. The sea, the distant islands, the opposite coast! - I shall assuredly write rhymes, let the nine Muses prevent me if they can.

43. To Poole. Nov. 5, 1796. To live in a beautiful country, and to enure myself as much as possible to the labours of the field, have been for this year past my dream of the day, my sigh at midnight.

59. To Cottle. May 1797. The mice play the very devil with us. It irks me to set a trap. By all the whiskers of all the pussies that have mewed plaintively, or amor-

ously, since the days of Whittington, it is not fair.

'Tis telling a lie. 'Tis as if you said, "Here is a bit of toasted cheese; come little mice! I envite you!"

When, oh, foul breach of the rites of hospitality! I mean to assassinate my too credulous guest! No, I cannot set a trap, but I should vastly like to make a Pitt-fall.

(Smoke the Pun!) But concerning the mice, advise thou, lest there be famine in the land. Such a year of scarcity! Inconsiderate mice!

80. To Cottle. Apr. 1798. Come down, Cottle, as soon as you can, but before Midsummer, and we will procure a horse easy as thy own soul, and we will go on a roam to Linton and Linmouth, which, if thou comest in May, will be in all their pride of woods and waterfalls, not to speak of its august cliffs, and the green ocean, and the vast Valley of Stones, all which live disdainful of the seasons, or accept new honours only from the winter's snow.

82. To Mrs. Coleridge. Jan. 14, 1799. The whole Lake of Ratzeburg is one mass of thick transparent ice - a spotless mirror of nine miles in extent! The lowness of the Hills, which rise from the shores of the Lake, preclude the awful sublimity of Alpine scenery, yet compensate for the want of it by beauties, of which this very lowness is a necessary condition. Yester-morning I saw the lesser Lake completely hid by mist; but the moment the Sun peeped over the Hill, the mist broke in the middle, and in a few seconds stood

divided, leaving a broad road all across the Lake; and between these two Walls of mist the sunlight burnt upon the ice, forming a road of golden fire, intolerably bright! and the mist-walls themselves partook of the blaze in a multitude of shining colors. This is our second Frost. About a month ago, before the Thaw came on, there was a storm of wind; during the whole night, such were the thunders and howlings of the breaking ice, that they have left a conviction on my mind, that there are Sounds more sublime than any Sight can be, more absolutely suspending the power of comparison, and more utterly absorbing the mind's self-consciousness in its total attention to the object working upon it. Part of the ice which the vehemence of the wind had shattered, was driven shore-ward and froze anew. On the evening of the next day, at sun-set, the shattered ice thus frozen, appeared of a deep blue, and in shape like an agitated sea; beyond this, the water, that ran up between the great Islands of ice which had preserved their masses entire and smoothe, shone of a yellow green; but all these scattered Ice-islands, themselves, were of an intensely bright blood color - they seemed blood and light in union! On some of the largest of these Islands, the Fishermen stood pulling out their immense Nets through the holes made in the ice for this purpose, and the Men, their Net-Poles, and their huge Nets, were a part of the glory; say rather, it appeared as if the rich crimson light had shaped

itself into these forms, figures, and attitudes, to make a glorious vision in mockery of earthly things.

84. to Mrs. Coleridge. May 17, 1797. Through roads no way rememberable, we came to Gieloldshausen, over a bridge, on which was a mitred statue, with a great crucifix in its arms. The village, long and ugly; but the church, like most Catholic churches, interesting; and this being Whitsun Eve, all were crowded to it, with their mass-books and rosaries, the little babies commonly with coral crosses hanging on the breast. Here we took a guide, left the village, ascended a hill, and now the woods rose up before us in a verdure which surprised us like a sorcery. The spring had burst forth with the suddenness of a Russian summer. As we left Gottingen there were buds, and here and there a tree half green; but here were woods in full foliage, distinguished from summer only by the exquisite tenderness of their tender green. We entered the wood through a beautiful mossy path; the moon above us blending with the evening light, and every now and then a nightingale would invite the others to sing, and some or other commonly answered, and said, as we suppose, "It is yet somewhat too early!" for the song was not continued. We came to a square piece of greenery, completely walled on all four sides by the beeches; again entered the wood, and having traveled about a mile, emerged from it into a grand plain - mountains in the distance, but ever by our road the skirts of

the green woods. A very rapid river ran by our side; and now the nightingales were all singing, and the tender verdure grew paler in the moonlight, only the smooth parts of the river were still deeply purpled with the reflections from the fiery light in the west. So surrounded and so impressed, we arrived at Prele, a dear little cluster of houses in the middle of a semicircle of woody hills; the area of the semicircle scarcely broader than the breadth of the village.

We afterwards ascended another hill, from the top of which a large plain opened before us with villages. A little village, Neuhoff, lay at the foot of it: we reached it, and then turned up through a valley on the left hand. The hills on both sides of the valley were prettily wooded, and a rapid lively river ran through it. So we went for about two miles, and almost at the end of the valley, or rather of its first turning, we found the village of Lauterberg. Just at the entrance of the village, two streams came out from two deep and woody coombs, close by each other, meet, and run into a third deep woody coomb opposite; before you a wild hill, which seems the end and barrier of the valley; on the right hand, low hills, now green with corn, and now wooded; and on the left a most majestic hill indeed - the effect of whose simple outline painting could not give, and how poor a thing our words! We pass through this neat little town - the majestic hill

on the left hand soaring over the houses, and at every interspace you see the whole of it - its beeches, its firs, its rocks, its scattered cottages, and the one neat little pastor's house at the foot, embosomed in fruit-trees all in blossom, the noisy coomb-brook dashing close by it. We leave the valley, or rather, the first turning on the left, following a stream; and so the vale winds on, the river still at the foot of the woody hills, with every now and then other smaller valleys on right and left crossing our vale, and ever before you the woody hills running like groves one into another. We turned and turned, and entering the fourth curve of the vale, we found all at once that we had been ascending. The verdure vanished!. All the beech trees were leafless, and so were the silver birches, whose bows always, winter and summer, hang so elegantly. But low down in the valley, and in little companies on each bank of the river, a multitude of green conical fir trees, with herds of cattle wandering about, almost every one with a cylindrical bell around its neck, of no inconsiderable size, and as they moved - scattered over the narrow vale, and up among the trees on the hill - the noise was like that of a great city in the stillness of a sabbath morning, when the bells all at once are ringing for church. The whole was a melancholy and romantic scene, that was quite new to me. Again we turned, passed three smelting houses, which we visited; a scene of terrible beauty is a furnace of



boiling metal, darting, every moment blue, green, and scarlet lightning, like serpents' tongues! - and now we ascended a steep hill, on the top of which was St. Andrias Berg, a town built wholly of wood.

We descended again, to ascend far higher; and now we came to a most beautiful road, which winded on the breast of the hill, from whence we looked down into a deep valley, or huge basin, full of pines and firs; the opposite hills full of pines and furs; and the hill above us, on whose breast we were winding, likewise full of pines and furs. The valley, or basin, on our right hand, into which we looked down, is called the Wald Rauschenbach, that is, the Valley of the Roaring Brook; and roar it did, indeed, most solemnly! The road on which we walked was weedy with infant fir-trees, an inch or two high; and now on our left hand, came before us a most tremendous precipice of yellow and black rock, called the Rehberg, that is, the Mountain of the Roe. Now again is nothing but firs and pines above, below, around us! How awful is the deep unison of their undivided murmur; what a one thing it is - it is a sound that impresses the dim notion of the Omnipresent! In various parts of the deep vale below us, we beheld little dancing waterfalls gleaming through the branches, and now, on our left hand, from the very summit of the hill above us, a powerful stream flung **itself** down, leaping and foaming, and now concealed, and now

not concealed, and now half concealed by the fir-trees, till, towards the road, it became a visible sheet of water, within whose immediate neighborhood no pine could have permanent abiding place. The snow lay everywhere on the sides of the roads, and glimmered in company with the waterfall foam, snow patches and waterbreaks glimmering through the branches in the hill above, the deep basin below, and the hill opposite. Over the opposite hills, so dark in their pine forests, a far higher round barren stony mountain looked in upon the prospect from a distant country. Through this scenery we passed on, till our road was crossed by a second waterfall. or rather, aggregation of little dancing waterfalls, one by the side of the other for a considerable breadth, and all came at once out of the dark wood above, and rolled over the mossy rock fragments, little firs, growing in islets, scattered among them. The same scenery continued till we came to the Oder Seich, a lake, half made by man, and half by nature. It is two miles in length, and but a few hundred yards in breadth, and winds between banks, or rather through walls, of pine trees. It has the appearance of a most calm and majestic river. It crosses the road, goes into a wood, and there at once plunges itself down into a most magnificent cascade, and runs into the vale, to which it gives the name of the "Vale of the Roaring Brook". We descended into the vale, and stood at the bottom of the cascade, and climbed up

again by its side. The rocks over which it plunged were unusually wild in their shape, giving fantastic resemblances of men and animals, and the fir-boughs by the side were kept almost in a swing, which unruly motion contrasted well with the stern quietness of the huge forest-sea every where else.

94. To Davy. July 25, 1800. We drank tea the night before I left Grasmere, on the island in that lovely lake; our kettel swung over the fire, hanging from the branch of a fir-tree, and I lay and saw the woods, and mountains, and lake all trembling, and as it were idealized through subtle smoke, which rose up from the clear, red embers of the fir-apples which we had collected: afterwards we made a glorious bonfire on the margin, by some elder bushes, whose twigs heaved and sobbed in the uprushing column of smoke, and the image of the bonfire, and of us that danced around it, ruddy, laughing faces in the twilight; the image of this in a lake, smooth as that sea, to whose waves the Son of God had said, Peace!

98. To Davy. Oct. 18, 1800. Our mountains northward end in the mountain Carrock - one hugh, steep, enormous bulk of stones, desolately variegated with the heath plant; at its foot runs the river Calder, and a narrow vale between it and the mountain Bowscale, so narrow, that in its greatest width it is not more than a furlong. But the narrow vale is so green, so beautiful, there are moods in

which a man might weep to look at it.

99. To Josiah Wedgwood. Nov. 1, 1800. Everything I promised myself in this country has answered far beyond my expectation. The room in which I write commands six distinct landscapes - the two lakes, the vale, the river and the mountains, and mists, and clouds and sunshine, make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were forever talking to each other.

102. To Davy. Dec. 2, 1800. There is a deep blue cloud over the heavens; the lake, and the vale, and the mountains, are all in darkness; only the summits of all the mountains in long ridges, covered with snow, are bright to a dazzling excess.

106. To Robert Southey. April 13, 1801. Our house stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field and an enormous garden, nine-tenths of which is a nursery garden. Behind the house is an orchard, and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round and catches the evening lights in front of the house.

217. To Allsop. May 10, 1825. Years have passed since I heard the Nightingales sing as they did this evening in Mr. Robart's Garden Grounds; so many, and in such full song, particularly that giddy voluminous whirl of notes which you never hear but when the Birds feel the temperature of the air voluptuous.

Coleridge was a true lover of nature. He was always much happier when he was in the country, and could wander about in the meadows than he was when he was in town. He appreciated nature, and his descriptions of the country and country scenes are wonderful. No one but the most ardent admirer of nature could have written the descriptions that Coleridge did. He could see beauty in the most insignificant blade of grass and could write surpassing passages upon objects to which the average person would scarcely give a second thought.

When abroad, the letters he wrote home contained delightful descriptions of the country through which he was passing. In none of his letters in the "Biographia Epistolaris" does he write of society or of the happenings in the cities. He shows no preference for spring, fall, winter, or summer; he is deeply in love with each season of the year.

The little mouse, that most of us are glad to see in the trap, was Coleridge's friend. It pained him to see the smallest insect abused. It was to him a source of delight to have all manner of wild birds and insects about his door.

ATTITUDE TOWARD THE "WATCHMAN"

Letter 17. To Wade. Jan. 1796. The aristocrats are so numerous, and the influence of the clergy so extensive, that Mr. Barr thinks no bookseller will venture to publish "The Watchman".

18. Brimingham, Jan. 1796. I have here at last double the number of subscribers I had expected.

19. To Wade. Nottingham, Jan. 1796. Business succeeded very well; - about a hundred subscribers I think. At Derby, also, I succeeded tolerably well.

21. Manchester, Jan. 7, 1796. I arrived at Manchester last night from Sheffield, to which place I shall only send about thirty numbers. I might have succeeded there, at least equally well with the former towns, but I should injure the sale of the "Iris", the editor of which paper, is now in prison for a libel on a bloody-minded magistrate there. Of course I declined publicly advertising or disposing of "The Watchman" in that town.

22. Lichfield, Jan, 1796. I have succeeded very well here at Lichfield. Belcher, bookseller, Brimingham; Sutton, Nottingham; Pritchard, Derby; and Thompson, Manchester; are the publishers. In every number of "The Watchman" there will be printed these words, "Published in Bristol by the Author, S. T. Coleridge, and sold, etc."

26. To Poole. Mch. 30, 1796. "The Watchman" succeeds so as to yield a bread-and-cheesish profit. ---- In No.

III of "The Watchman" there are a few lines entitled, "The Hour when we shall meet again", which I think you will like. ----- "The Watchman" comes more easy to me, so that I shall begin about my Christian Lectures.

---- The Essay on Fasting I am ashamed of - (in No. II of "The Watchman"); - but it is one of my misfortunes that I am obliged to publish ex tempore as well as compose.

29. To Poole. Apr. 11, 1796. "The Watchman" in London and Bristol, is read for its original matter, - the news and debates barely tolerated. The people of Liverpool, Manchester, and Brimingham, etc., take it as a newspaper, and regard the essays and poems as intruders unwished for and unwelcome. In short, each subscriber, instead of regarding himself as a point in the circumference entitled to some one diverging ray, considers me as the circumference, and himself as the center to which all the rays ought to converge. To tell the truth, I do not think "The Watchman" will succeed. Hitherto I have scarcely sold enough to pay the expenses; - no wonder, when I tell you that on the 200 which Parsons in Paternoster Row sells weekly, he gains eight shillings more than I do.

33. To Poole. May 6, 1796. When I began "The Watchman" I had forty pounds worth of paper given to me; yet with this I shall not have received a farthing at the end of the



quarter. To be sure I have been somewhat fleeced and over-reached by my London publisher. In short, my tradesmen's bills for "The Watchman", including what paper I have bought since the seventh number, the printing, etc., amount exactly to five pounds more than the whole of my receipts. "O Watchman, thou hast watched in vain!" - said the Prophet Ezekiel, when, I suppose, he was taking a prophetic glimpse of my sorrow-sallowed cheeks.

152. To Poole. Feb. 14, 1813. I have never seen the Play (Remorse) since the first night. It has been a good thing for the Theatre. They will get eight or ten thousand pounds by it, and I shall get more than all my literary labours put together, nay, thrice as much, subtracting my heavy losses in "The Watchman" and "The Friend", including the copyright.

The "Watchman" was published every eight days from March 1, 1796 to May 13, 1796. It consisted of thirty-two closely printed pages and "warrented to tell the whole truth." Coleridge secured nearly a thousand subscribers for the paper, but nevertheless the paper was never a paying venture. In all the papers Coleridge spoke too openly and gained many enemies. As he would rather loose his subscribers than suppress his sentiment, the paper came to

an early death. It need not have had the early death that it did. Coleridge said that part of his readers relinquished their subscriptions because the paper did not contain sufficient original composition, and still a larger part, because it contained too much.

The "Watchman" was Coleridge's first attempt at journalism. From the first he said he did not think the paper would succeed. It was not managed properly. Although he had 40 pounds worth of paper given him to start with, he was soon losing money and had to stop the publication of the periodical.

## ATTITUDE TOWARD THE "FRIEND"

Letter 140. To Davy. Dec. 1808. I would willingly inform you of my chance of success in obtaining a sufficient number of subscribers, so as to justify me prudentially in commencing the work (The Friend), but I do not at present possess grounds even for a sane conjecture. It will depend in a great measure on the zeal of my friends, on which I confess, not without remorse, I have more often cast water than oil.

142. To Davy. Jan. 30, 1809. "The Friend" will be printed as a newspaper, i.e. not in form of matter, but under the act of parliament, and with its privilege, printed at Kendal, and sent to each subscriber by the post.

143. June 1, 1809. The object of "The Friend", briefly and generally expressed, is - to uphold those Truths and those Merits, which are founded in the nobler and permanent Parts of our Nature, against the Caprices of Fashion, and such Pleasures, as either depend on transitory and accidental Causes, or are persued from less worthy Impulses. The chief Subjects of my own Essays will be:

The true and sole Ground of Morality, or Virtue, as distinguished from Prudence.

The Origin and Growth of moral Impulses, as distinguished from external and immediate Motives.

The necessary dependence of Taste on Moral Impulses

and Habits -----

The opening out of new Objects of just Admiration  
in our own Language -----

Characters met with in real life ----

Education in its widest Sense, private and national.

Sources of Consolation to the afflicted in Misfortune ----

World, and the grounds and arguments for the religious Hopes of Human Nature.

145. To R. L. Oct. 26, 1809. I could not therefore be surprised, however much I may have been depressed, by the frequency with which you hear "The Friend" complained of for its abstruseness and obscurity; nor did the high flattering expressions, with which you accompanied your communication, prevent me from feeling its truth to the whole extent. ----- Yet I dare not flatter myself, that any endeavours of mine, compatible with the duty I owe to Truth and the hope of permanent utility, will render "The Friend" agreeable to the majority of what is called the reading Public. I never expected it.

146. To Cantab. Dec. 21, 1809. I thank the "Friend's friend and a Cantab" for his inspiring Letter. --- But both He and my very kind Malton Correspondent, and all of similar dispositions, may rest assured, that with every imaginable endeavour to make "The Friend", collectively,

as entertaining as is compatible with the main Object of the Work, I shall never so far forget the duty, I owe to them and to my own heart, as not to remember that mere amusement is not that main Object.

149. To Dr. Andrew Bell. Nov. 30, 1811. Yet come what will, the subject shall be treated fully, intrepidly, and by close deduction from settled first principles, in the first volume of the recommencing "Friend", which I hope to bring out early in the spring, on a quarterly or four-monthly plan. ----- Even to this day I have not received one-half of the subscriptions for the former numbers, and am expiating the error by all sorts of perplexities and embarrassments.

152. To Poole. Feb. 14, 1813. I have never seen the Play since the first night. It has been a good thing for the Theatre. They will get eight or ten thousand pounds by it, and I shall get more than all my literary labours put together, nay, thrice as much, subtracting my heavy losses in "The Watchman" and "The Friend", including the copyright.

165. To Cottle. March 10, 1815. The "Friend" has been long out of print, and its republication has been called for by numbers.

The object of the "Friend", a weekly paper, was

"to aid in the formation of fixed principles in politics, morals, and religion", and in the higher education of mankind. The first number appeared August 1, 1809.

It is evident from the prospectus that Coleridge believed in the possibility of obtaining a public for the "Friend". He was very enthusiastic about the paper in the beginning, and was very much encouraged by the number of subscribers he secured. He soon realized the failure of the paper, and on October 20, 1809, wrote Southey that the plan and execution of the "Friend" was so utterly unsuitable to public taste as to preclude all rational hopes of its success. He said much might have been done to make the former papers more interesting by the interposition of papers written for general interest. And he said in the future he wished to "interpose tales and whole numbers of amusement, which will make the periods lighter and shorter."

Southey begged Coleridge to lighten the character of the periodical, and Coleridge saw the need of it and attempted to do it but he was unable to depart from the severity of his original plan. In the prospectus Coleridge admits that he must "submit to be thought dull by those who seek amusement only." He said he hoped to become more lively as he went on.

The "Friend" expired in the third week of March, 1810. Coleridge was not much grieved by the failure because he had seen the instability from the start.

## ATTITUDE TOWARD THOMAS POOLE

Letter 14. To Poole. Oct. 7, 1795. God bless you - or rather God be praised for that he has blessed you!

34. To Poole. May 12, 1796. The Spirit, who counts the throbbings of the solitary heart, knows that what my feelings ought to be, such they are. If it were in my power to give you anything, which I have not already given, I should be oppressed by the letter now before me. But no! I feel myself rich in being poor; and because I have nothing to bestow, I know how much I have bestowed. Perhaps I shall not make myself intelligible; but the strong and unmixed affection which I bear to you seems to exclude all emotions of gratitude, and renders even the principle of esteem latent and inert. Its presence is not perceptible, though its absence could not be endured. (Mr. Poole had been engaged in circulating a proposal amongst a few common friends for purchasing a small annuity and presenting it to Mr. Coleridge. The plan was never carried into execution).

37. To Poole. August 1796. I had just quitted you, and I felt myself rich in your love and esteem; and you do not know how rich I feel myself. O ever found the same, and trusted and beloved!

39. To Poole. Sept. 24, 1796. The heart thoroughly penetrated with the flame of virtuous friendship is in a state of glory; but lest it should be exalted above measure,



there is given to it a thorn in the flesh. I mean that where the friendship of any person forms an essential part of a man's happiness, he will at times be pestered with the little jealousies and solitudes of imbecile humanity. Since we last parted I have been gloomily dreaming that you did not leave me so affectionately as you were wont to do. Pardon this littleness of heart, and do not think the worse of me for it. Indeed my soul seems so mantled and wrapped round with your love and esteem, that even a dream of losing but the smallest fragment of it makes me shiver, as if some tender part of my nature were left uncovered and in nakedness.

42. To Poole. Nov. 1, 1796. My heart has been full, yea, crammed with anxieties about my residence near you. I so ardently desire it, that any disappointment would chill all my faculties, like the fingers of death. And entertaining wishes so irrationally strong, I necessarily have day-mair dreams that something will prevent it - so that since I quitted you, I have been gloomy as the month which even now has begun to lower and rave on us.

115. To Thomas Wedgwood. Feb. 10, 1803. Pool's account of his conversations, etc., in France, are very interesting and instructive.

117. To Thomas Wedgwood. Feb. 17, 1803. Poole is a very, very good man, I like even his incorrigibility in little faults and deficiencies.

124. To Thomas Wedgwood. Westminster, Jan. 1804. Poole made me promise that I would leave one side for him. God bless him! He looks so worshipful in his office, among his clerks, that it would give you a few minutes' good spirits to look in upon him.

Thomas Poole was one of the closest friends Coleridge ever had. The two remained friends throughout the entire period of Coleridge's life. Poole was not a literary man, but it was because of his tender heart that Coleridge loved him so much. Poole formed such an essential part of Coleridge's happiness that Coleridge was often pestered with little jealousies on account of him. Just before Coleridge moved to Nether Stowey, where Poole lived, he wrote Poole that should his residence there be hindered, it would be a disappointment that would chill all his faculties and be like the fingers of death.

At one time Coleridge wrote Thomas Wedgwood that he even liked Poole's little faults and deficiencies. Coleridge never in any of the letters spoke of Poole except with the highest esteem.

## ATTITUDE TOWARD SIR WALTER SCOTT

Letter 179. To Allsop. April 10, 1820. "I have just received a note from Terry, informing me that Sir Walter Scott will call upon me to-morrow morning (i.e. Sunday) at half-past eleven. Will you contrive to be here at the same time? Perhaps the promise of your company may induce Sir Walter to appoint a day on which he will dine with me before he returns to the north."

180. To Allsop. April 8, 1820. Now I selected Scott for the very reason, that I do hold him for a man of very extraordinary powers; and when I say that I have read the far greater part of his novels twice, and several three times over, with undiminished pleasure and interest; and that, in my reprobation of the "Bride of Lammermoor" (with the exception, however, of the almost Shakspearian old witch-wives at the funeral) and of "Ivanhoe", I mean to apply the grounds of my admiration of the others, and the permanent nature of the interest which they excite. In a word, I am far from thinking that "Old Mortality" or "Guy Mannering" would have been less admired in the age of Sterne, Fielding, and Richardson, than they are in the present times; but only that Sterne, etc., would not have had the same immediate popularity in the present day as in their own less stimulated and, therefore, less languid reading world.

Of Sir Walter Scott's poems I cannot speak so highly,

still less of the Poetry in his Poems; though even in these the power of presenting the most numerous figures, and figures with the most complex movements, and under rapid succession, in true picturesque unity, attests truth and peculiar genius. You cannot imagine with how much pain I used, many years ago, to hear -----'s contemptuous assertions respecting Scott; and if I mistake not, I have yet the fragments of the rough draft of a letter written by me so long ago as my first lectures at the London Philosophical Society, Fetter Lane, and on the backs of the unused admission tickets.

One more remark. My criticism was confined to the one point of the higher degree of intellectual activity implied in the reading and admiration of Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne; - in moral, or, if that be too high and inwardly a word, in mannerly manliness of taste the present age and its best writers have the decided advantage, and I sincerely trust that Walter Scott's readers would be as little disposed to relish the stupid lechery of the courtship of Widow Wadman, as Scott himself would be capable of presenting it. And, that though I cannot pretend to have found in any of these novels a character that even approaches in genius, in truth of conception, or boldness or freshness of execution, to Parson Adams, Blifil, Strap, Lieutenant Bowling, Mr. Shandy, Uncle Toby and Trim, and Lovelace; and though Scott's female characters will not, even the

very best, bear a comparison with Miss Byron, Clementina Emily, in Sir Charles Grandison; or the comic ones with Tabitha Bramble, or with Betty (in Mrs. Bennet's "Beggar Girl"); and though, by the use of the Scotch dialect, Ossianic mock-highland motley-heroic, and by extracts from the printed sermons, memoirs, etc., of the fanatic preachers, there is a good deal of false effect and stage trick: still the number of characters so good produced by one man, and in so rapid a succession, must ever remain an illustrious phenomenon in literature, after all the subtractions for those borrowed from English and German sources, or compounded by blending two or three of the old drama into one - ex. gr. the Caleb in the "Bride of Lammermoor".

Scott's great merit, and, at the same time, his felicity, and the true solution of the long-sustained interest novel after novel excited, lie in the nature of the subject; not merely, or even chiefly, because the struggle between the Stuarts and the Presbyterians and sectaries, is still in lively memory, and the passions of adherency to the former, if not the adherency itself, extant in our own fathers' or grandfathers' times; nor yet (though this is of great weight) because the language, manners, etc., introduced are sufficiently different from our own for poignancy, and yet sufficiently near and similar for sympathy; nor yet because, for the same reason, the author, speaking, reflecting, and descanting in his

own person, remains still (to adopt a painter's phrase) in sufficient keeping with his subject matter, while his characters can both talk and feel interesting to us as men, without recourse to antiquarian interest, and nevertheless without moral anachronism (in all which points the "Ivanhoe" is so wofully the contrary, for what Englishman cares for Saxon or Norman, both brutal invaders, more than for Chinese and Cochinchinese?) - yet great as all these causes are, the essential wisdom and happiness of the subject consists in this, - that the contest between the loyalists and their opponents can never be obsolete, for it is the contest between the two great moving principles of social humanity; religious adherence to the past and the ancient, the desire and the admiration of permanence, on the one hand; and the passion for increase of knowledge, for truth, as the offspring of reason - in short, the mighty instincts of progression and free agency, on the other. In all subjects of deep and lasting interest, you will detect a struggle between two opposites, two polar forces, both of which are alike necessary to our human well-being, and necessary each to the continued existence of the other. Well, therefore, may we contemplate with intense feelings those whirlwinds which are for free agents the appointed means, and the only possible condition of that equilibrium in which our moral Being subsists; while the disturbance of the same constitutes our sense of life. Thus in the

ancient Tragedy, the lofty struggle between irresistible fate, and unconquerable free will, which finds its equilibrium in the Providence and the future retribution of Christianity. If, instead of a contest between Saxons and Normans, or the Fantees and Ashantees, - a mere contest of indifferents! of minim surges in a boiling fish-kettle, - Walter Scott had taken the struggle between the men of arts and the men of arms in the time of Becket, and made us feel how much to claim our well-wishing there was in the cause and character of the priestly and papal party, no less than in Henry and his knights, he would have opened a new mine, instead of translating into Leadenhall Street Minerva Library sentences, a cento of the most common incidents of the stately self-congruous romances of D'Urfe, Scuderi, etc.

N. B. I have not read the "Monastery", but I suspect that the thought or element of the faery work is from the German. I perceive from that passage in the "Old Mortality", where Morton is discovered by old Alice in consequence of calling his dog Elphin, that Walter Scott has been reading Tieck's "Phantasies" (a collection of faery or witch tales), from which both the incident and the name is borrowed.

187. To Allsop. Jan. 1821. Walter Scott's poems and novels (except only the two wretched abortions, "Ivanhoe" and the "Bride of Ravensmuir", or whatever its name may be)



supply both instance and solution of the present conditions and components of popularity, viz. to amuse without requiring any effort of thought, and without exciting any deep emotion.

Coleridge showed the deepest respect for Sir Walter Scott. He seemed to stand somewhat in awe of, and thought himself inferior to Scott.

He praises Scott, saying, "he is a man of very extraordinary powers." Coleridge read Scott's novels twice, and this fact alone would indicate that he considered Scott a man of genius. Although Coleridge stood somewhat in awe of Scott, yet he was not afraid to criticise him unfavorably. In a letter to Mr. Allsop, he writes, "Walter Scott's poems and novels (except only the two wretched abortions, 'Ivanhoe' and the 'Bride of Ravensmuir', or whatever its name may be) supply both instance and solution of the present conditions and components of popularity, viz. to amuse without requiring any effort of thought, and without exciting any deep emotion."

Coleridge did not care for Scott's poetry as much as he did for his prose, yet he says that even in his poetry he displays a peculiar genius.

## ATTITUDE TOWARD SIR HUMPHRY DAVY

Letter 91. To Godwin. May 21, 1800. In Bristol I was much with Davy, almost all day.

92. To Davy. June 1800. When you have leisure, you would do me a great service, if you would briefly state your metaphysical system of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains, the laws that govern them, and the reasons which induce you to consider them as essentially distinct from from each other.

96. To Davy. Oct. 9, 1800. In your poem, "impressive" is used for "impressible" or passive, is it not? If so, it is not English; life "diffusive" likewise is not English. The last stanza introduces confusion into my mind, and despondency - and has besides been so often said by the materialists, etc., that it is not worth repeating. If the poem had ended more originally, in short, but for the last stanza, I will venture to affirm that there were never so many lines which so uninterruptedly combined natural and beautiful words with strict philosophic truths, i.e., scientifically philosophic. Of the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh stanzas, I am doubtful which is the most beautiful. Do not imagine that I cling to a fond love of future identity, but the thought which you have expressed in the last stanzas might be more grandly, and therefore more consolingly exemplified. I had forgot

to say that sameness and identity are words too etymologically the same to be placed so close to each other.

102. To Davy. Dec. 2, 1800. By an accident I did not receive your letter till this evening. I would that you had added to the account of your indisposition the probable causes of it. It has left me anxious whether or no you have not exposed yourself to unwholesome influences in your chemical pursuits.

106. To Robert Southey. Keswick, Apr. 13, 1801. Alas! you have found the dear old place sadly misused by the removal of Davy.

107. To Davy. March 4, 1801. I heard from Tobin day before yesterday - nay, it was Friday. From him I heard that you are giving lectures on galvanism. Would to God I were one of your auditors! ---- When you have leisure and impulse - perfect leisure and a complete impulse - write to me, but only then. For though there does not exist a man on earth who yields me greater pleasure by writing to me, yet I have neither pain nor disquietude from your silence.

108. To Davy. May 20, 1801. I am sometimes apprehensive that my passion for science is scarcely true and genuine - it is but Davyism! that is, I fear that I am more delighted at your having discovered facts than at the facts having been discovered.

110. To Davy. Oct. 31, 1801. I do not know by what

fatality it has happened, but so it is; that I have thought more often of you, and I may say, yearned after your society more for the last three months than I ever before did, and yet I have not written to you. But you know that I honor you, and that I love whom I honor.

129. To Davy. Sunday, March 25, 1804. Dear Davy! I have always loved, always honoured, always had faith in you, in every part of my being that lies below the surface; and whatever changes may now and then "rippled" even upon the surface, have been only jealousies concerning you in behalf of all men, and fears for exceeding great hope.

137. To Davy. Sept. 11, 1807. Yet how very few are there whom I esteem, and (pardon me from this seeming deviation from the language of friendship) admire equally with yourself. It is indeed, and has long been, my settled persuasion, that of all men known to me, I could not justly equal any one to you, combining in one view powers of intellect, and the steady moral exertion of them to the production of direct and indirect good.

Coleridge was greatly interested in science, and probably for that reason he esteemed Davy so highly.

On the other hand his esteem for Davy may have influenced his interest in science. His own statement may confirm the latter assertion. He wrote to Davy in 1801, "I am sometimes apprehensive that my passion for science is scarcely

true and genuine - it is but Davyism!"

Davy was a man of extraordinary powers. Coleridge said that of all men he did not know one equal to him, combining in one view powers of intellect and steady moral exertion of them to the production of direct and indirect good. Coleridge also admired Davy as a friend. He said there were no letters he enjoyed so much as those that he received from Davy.

## ATTITUDE TOWARD WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Letter 49. To Cottle. Jan. 3, 1797. If you delay the press it will give me the opportunity I so much wish, of sending my "Visions of the Maid of Arc" to Wordsworth, who lives not above twenty miles from this place (meaning Wordsworth lived at Racedown).

56. To Cottle. May 1797. On the Saturday, the Sunday, and the ten days after my arrival at Stowey, I felt a depression too dreadful to be described. Wordsworth's conversation aroused me somewhat, but even now I am not the man I have been, and I think I never shall.

61. To Cottle. June 8, 1797. I am sojourning for a few days at Racedown, Dorset, the mansion of our friend Wordsworth; who presents his kindest respects to you.

Wordsworth admires my tragedy, which gives me great hopes. Wordsworth has written a tragedy himself. I speak with heartfelt sincerity, and I think, unblinded judgement, when I tell you I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself. His drama is absolutely wonderful. You know I do not often speak in such abrupt and unmingled phrases, and therefore will the more readily believe me. There are in the piece, those profound touches of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the "Robbers" of Schiller, and often in Shakespeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.

65. To Cottle. July 3-17, 1797. Wordsworth and his exquisit sister are with me.

~~65.--To-Cottle.--Sept.--1797.--Wordsworth-is-well.~~

68. To Cottle. Nov. 28, 1797. I have procured for Wordsworth's tragedy, an introduction to Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, who has promised to read it attentively, and give his answer immediately; and if he accepts it, to put it in preparation without an hour's delay.

76. To Cottle. March 8, 1798. The Giant Wordsworth - God love him! When I speak in the terms of admiration do to his intellect, I fear lest these terms should keep out of sight amiableness of his manners. He has written near twelve hundred lines of a blank verse, superior, I hesitate not to aver, to anything in our language which anyway resembles it.

78. To Cottle. Mch. or Apl. 1798. I am requested by Wordsworth, to put to you the following questions. What could you, conveniently and prudently, and what would you give for - first, our two Tragedies, with small prefaces, containing an analysis of our principal characters? Exclusive of the prefaces, the tragedies are, together, five thousand lines; which, in printing, from the dialogue, and directions respecting actors and scenery, are at least equal to six thousand. ----

Second. - Wordsworth's "Salisbury Plain", and "Tale of a Woman"; which two poems, with a few others which he



will add, and the notes, will make a volume.

80. To Cottle. Apr, 1798. Neither Wordsworth nor myself could have been otherwise than uncomfortable, if any but yourself had received from us the first offer of our Tragedies, and of the volume of Wordsworth's Poems. At the same time, we did not expect that you could with prudence and propriety, advance such a sum as we should want at the time we specified. In short, we both regard the publication of our Tragedies as an evil. It is not impossible but that in happier times, they may be brought on the stage; and to throw away this chance for a mere trifle, would be to make the present moment act fraudulently and usuriously towards the future time.

My Tragedy employed and strained all my thoughts and faculties for six or seven months; Wordsworth consumed far more time, and far more thought, and far more genius. We consider the publication of them an evil on any terms; but our thoughts were bent on a plan for the accomplishment of which, a certain sum of money were necessary, (the whole) at that particular time, and in order to this we resolved, although reluctantly, to part with our Tragedies: that is, if we could obtain thirty guineas for each, and at less than thirty guineas Wordsworth will not part with the copyright of his volume of Poems. We shall offer the Tragedies to no one, for we have determined to procure the money some other way. If you choose the volume of Poems, at the price

mentioned, to be paid at the time specified, i.e. thirty guineas, to be paid sometime in the last fortnight of July, you may have them; but remember, my dear fellow! I write to you not merely as a bookseller, and intreat you, in your answer, to consider yourself only; as to us, although money is necessary to our plan, (that of visiting Germany) yet the plan is not necessary to our happiness; and if it were, W. could sell his Poems for that sum to someone else, or we could procure the money without selling the Poems. So I entreat you, again and again, in your answer, which must be immediate, consider yourself only.

Wordsworth has been caballed against so long and so loudly, that he has found it impossible to prevail on the tenant of the Allfoxden estate, to let him the house, after their first agreement has expired, so he must quit at Midsummer. Whether we shall be able to procure him a house and furniture near Stowey, we know not, and yet we must; for the hills, and the woods, and the streams, and the sea, and the shores would break forth into reproach against us, if we did not strain every nerve, to keep their poet among them. Without jking, and in serious sadness, Poole and I cannot endure to think of losing him.

93. To Josiah Wedgwood. July 24, 1800. Wordsworth lives twelve miles distant. In about a years time he will probably settle at Keswick likewise.

94. To Davy. July 25, 1800. Wordsworth is such a lazy

fellow, that I bemire myself by making promises for him:  
the moment I recieved you letter, I wrote to him.

95. To Godwin. Sept. 22, 1800. Wordsworth's drama is,  
in its present state, not fit for the stage, and he is not  
well enough to submit to the drugery of making it so.

96. To Davy. I cannot speak favorably of W.'s health,  
but indeed he has not done common justice to Dr. Beddoe's  
kind perscriptions. I saw his countenance darken, and  
all his hopes vanish, when he saw the perscriptions - his  
scepticism concerning medicines! nay, it is not enough  
scepticism! Yet, now that peas and beans are over, I have  
hopes that he will in good earnest make a fair and full  
trial. Wordsworth is fearful you have been much teased  
by the printers on his account, but you can sympathise  
with him.

99. To Josiah Wedgwood. Nov. I, 1800. Wordsworth's  
second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads" will, I hope, and  
almost believe, afford you as unmingled pleasure as is in  
the nature of a collection of vary various poems to afford  
to one individual mind. Sheridan has sent to him too  
- requests him to write a tragedy for Drury Lane. But  
W. will not be divirted by anything from the prosecution of  
his great work.

102. To Davy, Dec. 2, 1800. Wordsworth has nearly fin-  
ished the concluding poem. It is of a mild, unimposing  
character, but full of beauties to those short-necked men

who have their hearts sufficiently near their heads.

120. To Godwin. Greta Hall, July 10, 1803. Wordsworth, too, wished, and in a very peculiar manner expressed the wish, that I should write to him at large on a poetic subject, which he has at present sub malleo ardentem et ignitum.

124. To Thomas Wedgwood. Westminster, Jan. 1804. I stayed at Grasmere (Mr. Wordsworth's) a month; three fourths of the time bed-ridden; - and deeply do I feel the enthusiastic kindness of Wordsworth's wife and sister, who sat up by me, one or the other, in order to awaken me at the first symptoms of distressful feeling; and even when they went to rest, continued often and often to weep and watch for me even in their dreams.

140. To Davy. Dec. 1808. Wordsworth has nearly finished a series of masterly essays on our late and present relations to Portugal and Spain.

182. To Allsop. Aug. 8, 1820. Wordsworth has remarked (in the "Brothers", I believe),

The thought of death sits light upon the man

That has been bred, and dies among the mountains.

But I fear that this, like some other few of Wordsworth's many striking passages, means less than it seems, or rather promises to mean. Poets (especially if philosophers too) are apt to represent the effect made upon themselves as general; the geese of Phoebus are all swans; and Wordsworth's

shepherds and estates men are Wordsworth's, even (as in old Michael) in the unpoetic traits of character.

When Coleridge moved to Stowey in 1797 he was depressed and broken in spirit. His self confidence was at low ebb. However it was not long before he began to hold conversations with Wordsworth and through them he became aroused and his ambition "bounded up". That was the beginning of the close friendship between the two men. Coleridge considered Wordsworth his superior. He says, "I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself less a man than I formerly thought myself." Coleridge said that Wordsworth's dramatic powers were wonderful, and that his blank verse was superior to anything in our language which in any way resembled it.

The frequent visits of Coleridge to Wordsworth show his love and admiration for the man. While the two men lived in Somerset there was scarcely a day passed but what Coleridge was a caller at the Wordsworth house and the worst weather did not prevent these visits.

Coleridge admired Wordsworth's amiable manners as much as he did his intellect. It was a keen pleasure to Coleridge simply to be in the Wordsworth home and enjoy William and Dorothy Wordsworth's hospitality. At one time Coleridge was for a month bed-ridden at Wordsworth's. It was with the deepest appreciation that Coleridge enjoyed the kindness he received while there.

ATTITUDE TOWARD ROBERT SOUTHEY

Letter 49. To Cottle. Jan. 3, 1797. By-the-bye, what a delightful poem, is Southey's "Musings on a Landscape of Gaspar Poussin". I love it almost better than his "Hymn to the Penates". In his volume of poems, the following, namely,

"The Six Sonntes on the Slave Trade." - "The Ode to the Genius of Africa." - "To my own Miniature Picture." - "The Eight Inscriptions." - "Elinor, Botany-bay Eclogue." - "Frederic," ditto. - "The Ten Sonnets." (pp. 107-116.) "On the death of an Old Spaniel." - "The Soldier's Wife, Dactyls." - "The Widow, Sapphics." - "The Chapel Bell." - "The Race of Banco." - "Rudiger."

All these Poems are worthy the Author of "Joan of Arc". And

"The Musings on a Landscape," etc. and

"The Hymn to the Penates",

deserve to have been published after "Joan of Arc", as proofs of progressive genius.

54. To Cottle. Feb. or Mch. 1797. I have heard from Sheridan, desiring me to write a tragedy. I have no genius that way; Robert Southey has. I think highly of his "Joan of Arc", and cannot help prophesying that he will be known to posterity, as Shakspeare's great grandson. I think he will write a tragedy or tragedies.

88. To Thomas Wedgwood. Jan. 1800. Poor Southey, from over great industry, as I suspect, the industry too of

solitary composition, has reduced himself to a terrible state of weakness, and is determined to leave this country as soon as he has finished the poem on which he is now employed. 'Tis a melancholy thing that so young a man, and one whose life has ever been so simple and self-denying.

91. To Godwin. May 21, 1800. I received yesterday a letter from Southey. He arrived at Lisbon after a prosperous voyage, on the last day of April; his letter to me is dated May-Day. He girds up his loins for a great history of Portugal, which will be translated into Portuguese in the first year of the Lusitanian Republic.

99. To Josiah Wedgwood. Nov. 1, 1800. Southey's "Thalaba", in twelve books, is going to the press.

110. To Davy. Oct. 31, 1801. I have redirected some of Southey's letters to you, taking it for granted that you will see him immediately on his arrival in town; he left us yesterday afternoon.

117. To Thomas Wedgwood. Poole's, Feb. 17, 1803. If Southey should send a couple of bottles, one of red sulphate, and one of the compound acids for me, will you be so good as to bring them with you?

140. To Davy. Dec. 1808. Southey is sending to the press his "History of Brazil", and at the same time (the indefatigable!) composing a defense of religious missions to the **East**, etc. Excepting the introduction (which, however, I have heard highly praised, but myself



think it shallow, flippant, and ipse dixitish), I have read few books with such deep interest as the "Chronicle of the Cid". The whole scene in the Cortes is superior to any equal part of any epic poem, save the "Paradise Lost - me saltem iudice". The deep glowing, yet ever self-controlled passion of the Cid - his austere dignity, so finely harmonising with his pride of loyal humility - the address to his swords, and the burst of contemptuous rage in his final charge and address to the Infantes of Carrion, and his immediate recall of his mind - are beyond all ordinary praises. It delights me to be able to speak thus of a work of Southey's!

Coleridge was not so enthusiastic over Southey's literary work as he was over that of Wordsworth and Lamb. He did however praise Southey's "Joan of Arc" very highly. He prophesied a future for Southey and said he would be known to posterity as the writer of tragedies. Coleridge also took a deep interest in Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid". He thought the introduction was shallow and flippant, but as to the rest of the book he said he had read few books that were better. Coleridge liked Southey and was glad to **praise** him when he could. If **Southey** had had more initiative Coleridge would have respected him much more. He speaks of Southey as simple and self-denying.

ATTITUDE TOWARD CHARLES LAMB

Letter 49. To Cottle. Jan. 3, 1797. If you delay the press it will give me the opportunity I so much wish, of sending my "Visions of the Maid of Arc" to Wordsworth ---- ; and to Charles Lamb, whose taste and judgement, I see reason to think more correct and philosophical than my own, which yet I place pretty high.

62. To Cottle. June 29, 1797. Charles Lamb will probably be here in about a fortnight.

91. To Godwin. May 21, 1800. My poor Lamb, how cruelly afflictions crowd upon him! I am glad that you think of him as I think; he has an affectionate heart, a mind sui generis; his taste acts so as to appear like the unmechanic simplicity of an instinct; in brief, he is worth a hundred men of mere talents. Conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells - one wearies by exercise. Lamb every now and then irradiates, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, yet is rich with colors, and I both see and feel it.

119. To Godwin. Keswick, June 4, 1803. I trust my dear friend, C. Lamb, will have informed you how seriously ill I have been.

178. To Allsop. Mch. 20, 1820. Charles and Mary Lamb dined with us on Sunday. When I next see you, that excellent brother will supply me with half an hour's inter-

esting conversation. When you know the whole of him, you will love him in spite of all oddities and even faults - nay, I had almost said, for them - at least, admire that under his visitations they were so few and of so little importance. Thank God, his circumstances are comfortable; and so they ought, for he has been in the India House since his fourteenth year.

202. To Allsop. April 18, 1822. Charles and Mary Lamb are to dine with us on Sunday next, and I hope it will be both pleasant and possible for you and Mrs. Allsop to complete the party.

203. To Allsop. May 30, 1822. Charles and Mary Lamb and Mr. Green dine with us on Sunday next, when we are to see Mathews' Picture Gallery.

The attitude of Coleridge toward Charles Lamb was that of esteem, affection and sympathy. In the "Biographia Epistolaris" Coleridge did not write much about Lamb, but what he did write was written with respect and admiration. Coleridge recognised Lamb's literary genius. In one letter he says, "I so much wish to send my 'Visions of the Maid of Arc' to Charles Lamb, whose taste and judgment, I see reason to think more correct and philosophical than my own, which yet I place pretty high."

Coleridge enjoyed Lamb especially to converse with. He said that Lamb was worth a hundred men of mere talents.

Lamb's sympathetic nature and affectionate heart did much to win and retain Coleridge's love. Coleridge was a man who craved sympathy when he was in poor health.

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